

"I have plastic explosives; try to seduce me!"

Chapter-19-



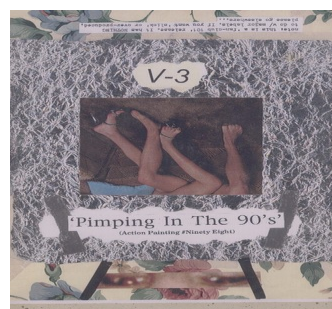
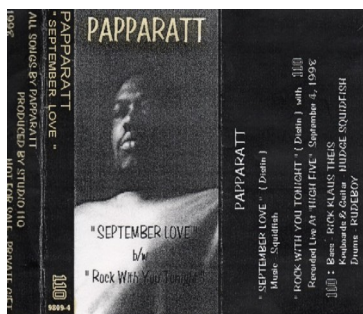
When **1998** ended it had been Fame's bitter irony had crushed us. Two years earlier, when **1996** had started, both Jim and I were riding the wave of our enthusiasm. We thought we had hit the big time! Jim's record contract with Rick Rubin had given us hope. But, by **January** of **1998** all our illusions about show business had been annihilated. We had given all our hearts and souls to this soul sucking joke and had lost. We honestly thought that making it would free us from the drudgery of our wage slave jobs. We thought that music was freedom from capitalism. But the record contract was really pain in stage make up! After the tour with GBV ended we realized there was no difference between being wage slave, or being rock star. It was all about the cash flow. On the news Clinton was threatening to bomb Iraq into submission for weapons of mass destruction. But the impeachment probe into sexual relations with Monica Lewinsky was causing him problems. So that **January** the probe into the Monica Lewinsky-Bill Clinton relationship held sway over our nation. Both Jim and I became increasingly negative about this reality. For us it was all a joke. Getting a hand job in the white house was no big deal to us. That February of **1998** saw us collaborate on our last V3 project; **The Other Side of Darkness**. During this time Jim had been working feverishly on

His solo project **Motor Cycle Movie** and was not really focused on what I was doing with V3. He signed off on my project without any opinion or suggestions. That was something he never had done in the past. Jim had been hanging out with **Lynn Whitacre-Cart** who was beginning to recover from **Kevyn Kasualty** death. She had given Jimbo about 12 VHS tapes of Live Kasualties shows. I decided that I should hold on to these masters because Lynn was still in grief. We agreed that when the time was right I would return these tapes so that their daughter would have something of her father's life to watch when she became an adult. I was beginning to take more of an interest in Lynn's well being. On the other hand, Jim had began a romance with this musician named **Cloud Tiger**. For a while Jim seemed to think that maybe **Cloud Tiger** could replace Roxanne. But the romance quickly faded and Jim moved on to dating other women. Next, Jimbo zeroed in on this Bar tender named **Jerry** at Bernie's Bagels but after a few weeks he decided to keep looking. In the mean time **Cloud Tiger** started hanging around the studio and we began to hang out more and more. Actually it would not be until 2007 that the matter between us would come to a head. That is when the we would go our separate ways; after I spent a weekend camping at Lynn's home In Magnolia Ohio.

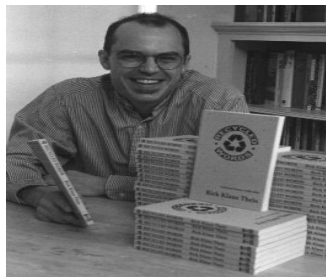
By **March** of **1998** Jimbo had establish a home for him and Gabe and started dating this Photographer name "**Marcy**" who was a heroin addict. But his fascination with heroin addiction and the reality of it were to extreme for him to cope. Marcy was just depressing to be around. The sex was good but it was all about her next fix. Jimbo like me was interested in having a female friendship. But for us it was never going to happen in this life time because of the damage women we both were attracted too. For the rest of his life Jim kept complaining about giving her money for smack. Jim's world view was getting very dark. He would ask me what he should do and I would reply; "*either become a junkie or end the relationship*". So, as Jim struggle with **Marcy** I struggle with the baggage of Cloud and Lynn experiences. To be honest, I had no business getting involved with either of them. At that point I was in desperate need of therapy too. In March Jim began to travel to Philadelphia to spend time with Tom Lax. He seemed to want to get away from Columbus and all the darkness going on around him. Next he went Clearwater Florida and spend time with His dad and brother. By this time Gabe was out of control and Jim had to pay his way out of a bad drug deal which led to Jim losing a tooth. When I question him about it he was ashamed and didn't want to tell me what happen. I suspected that Jim was not happy about Gabe's behavior and was trying to throw money at the problem in hopes

that the Kid would wake up. When Jim returned I pay a few visit to his new home and was shocked about how unsanitary his house was. For some reason when people get depressed they tend to become unsanitary. You couldn't use the rest room. So I started to bitch at Jim about his declining life style. This was a big mistake on my part. I should have kept my mouth shut. It only led to more depression and hopelessness for Jimbo.

That **April of 1998** I published three story's for NS Records: **Life on the Road with Guided by Vodka. (The G.B.V.3 Tour of 1996), "I Hate My Job" The Kevyn and the Kasualties Story,** and, **"A Mouth Full of Cheesecake" The Arlus Stich Story.** Jim, got to read all three works before he died. He related to the musician's plight I spun around the plot line. Only musicians and some others could relate to my tales of "road dog drama". We had lived it. It was real for us. Our life of high strangeness could matched any Nordic Tale of wooden boats crossing a frozen but gurgling hot steam springs. We had survived the 6 months of bitter arctic night winds. The curtain was closing. Jim was coming to the ending his story. I was sill waiting for my ending to begin! Jim's departure was just around the corner. Mine was a 1000 miles down hard road to come. As Jim and I both tried to adjust to our romantic and social situations, Rudy, Klaus and I began to rehearse on weekends in my basement. We had been recording **Lorca's Grave** which as far as I know has never been released.



When Jim released **"Pimping in the 90's"** around this time, he offer Rudy and me \$400 each for our permission. To me that was a huge Red Flag! Something was wrong with Jimbo? He seemed like he had lost the will to go on. But at the time I was so bogged down with survival needs I didn't even notice. Of course I never saw that \$400 Bucks so I guess in the end it didn't matter anyway that we had an agreement. No doubt I would have used it to stock up on some weed, a new mic and pay some bills. But I was glad the music saw the light of day. Our friendship meant that getting money out of Jim Shepard was a waste of time. But the train kept on rolling. Toward the beginning of **May of 1998 Rudy** and I had put together the **"Studio 110 Sampler"** double cassette release. It was a collection of other artists I had work with and **Rudy** thought it would make a great release. It was all Rudy on that project. From concept to fulfillment. Rudy did all the leg work and made us look good. That's all I ever ask of my associates. Just make me look good. They all know I'm wanker. Also, I released Papp Pratt's **September Love June of 1998**. At the time Papp Pratt's was working the hell out of me. He was using huge amounts of my time for free. I didn't mind but I wanted to focus on other artists and the 110 Band. **Studio 110** only got to do two live shows before Jim died. Jim came to both shows. He had my back and even roadie for me. The first show was at the **High Five** near 5th and High Street. At that show **Rick Klaus Theis** was on bass, **Rudy Crash n' Burn** was on drums and I sang and played guitar. In the middle of the show we brought **Papp Pratt** up on stage and he sang **"Rock with You Tonight"**. I had high hopes that this would lead to other gigs. The other show was at **Ted Lust's** farm. Jim showed up with Marcy and all of us camp over night.



On **May 14th 1998** Curtis Schieber had publish a story in the Columbus Dispatch about **Scrawl**. By that point I think they had a number of LP records out and were signed to a major label. The band had started back in the late 1980s with **Sue Harshe**/Bass & Vocal, Carolyn **O'Leary**/Drums and **Marcy Mays**/Guitar & Vocal. When **O'Leary** left she was replaced by **Dana Marshall** on Drums. I had always been a fan and was pleased to see them get some notice. I had heard stories about their equipment being stolen at a CBGB's show. Also, I heard the bass player of **Kiss** tried to sexually exploit **Marcy Mays** when **Scrawl** was on tour them. But I have not been able to confirm this with Marcy. The musicians who told me this information, had it second hand, so I didn't think to highly of it integrity wise. But any musician who has been on tour knows that shit always happens on the road! That is why I always say, "*If nobody die, got busted or married it was a good gig*"!

Then shit hit the fan for **Rick Klaus Theis**. On **June 5th 1998** the Lorca's Grave sessions were coming to and end. **President Clinton's** decided to hold a town hall meeting at **OSU** in order to garner support for bombing the shit out of Iraq. **CNN** hosted the forum with their then anchors **Bernard Shaw** and **Judy Woodruff**, passing the mic to members of the audience for feed back. It was a carefully crafted event with only pro-bombing members being call upon to ask their questions of Secretary of State **Madeleine Albright**. **Klaus** wanted no part of it! When **Klaus** figure out that they were not going to let him ask his question about the need to bomb Iraq, a scuffle broke out between him and security and he was unceremoniously ejected from the town hall. But the crafty **Klaus**, who had trained as a lawyer at **OSU**, raised a huge stink about it and was allowed to confront **Madeleine Albright** on prime TV. When she tried to explain why the bombing was needed Klaus shot her down on every point and **CNN** was forced to cut the TV feed.

Next morning **Klaus's** face was on the front cover of every newspaper around the world. I knew he was going to the event but I didn't expect all hell to break loose! Rudy and Jim seemed very amused! I on the other hand was alarmed about Klaus's welfare. After working for 15 years in government I knew how they could retaliate. They have tons of dirty tricks and if you don't have money to fight back they'll crush you like a cockroach! People in power know how to pull shit with your "civil rights" without being caught. That's what my government experience had taught me. Then after a few weeks Klaus told Rudy and I he was selling all his belongings to go on a round the world tour. WTF? So, Rudy and I were back to square one. We put the band on hold for a while. Klaus was leaving and Rudy and I had to make a choice.

Back in **1997** when Jim was still with **Stacy McCloud**, V3 had been doing a bunch of Saturday night gigs and Jim ask me to roadie for him in Flint Michigan. It wasn't one of their best shows. They had stopped rehearsing for a few months and just winged it on stage. But the audience didn't notice that the tightness was gone. As I watched from back stage I felt a little sad. We had all work so hard to make a name for V3 only to see it become a ad lib act. When Ad lib works it great. When it doesn't it is humiliating. Jim knew what I was thinking but just didn't give a dam about the stage craft anymore. Something had changed in him. The fire was gone. It may have been in **April of 1998** that Charlie had moved in with Jim and Gabe from Cleveland. Charlie would tell me that it was really dark living there. There was a small group of teenage friends and they were always hanging out partying. By this time Jim had taken to staying in his room and avoiding what was going on in the rest of the house. Jimbo always thought of himself as a junk man. He would study data and people as subjects for his songs. Just like Bob Dylan, he collected story's and events which he would use for his art. Jim like to shop others for Ideas. But around **September of 1998** he turned his back on all of it. He was out of steam. Fed up and depressed Jim had used up the last of his muse creating "**Motor Cycle Movie**". By then he was working on

cutting *Marcy* loose. He even talked to me and my sister about our mom's funeral arrangements. He question us about our mom's will. So there must have been within Jim a struggle over the idea of suicide. Also, I noticed a growing bald spot on the crown of his head. When I question him he just shrugged it off and said "*I don't care*". Jimbo and I had always existed on the fringes of the America labor market. The notion we developed was "*job surfing*". We were experts at it. It only took us 15 minutes to decide if we were going to sneak off at break time or complete the temporary assignment. I was still working Monday to Friday at Ross Labs as a customs import/export specialist. That Monday, before his death, he was at the studio and seem to be very detached about his music. We said our goodbyes and he let me know that I was his best friend and thanked me for all the support over the years. That was not like him but I didn't connect the dots. Jim never did shit like that. He even hugged me goodbye. I can't remember if others witness this last his farewell to me or not. But over the next 4 days Jim lost control of his mental balance. He had been drinking much more than normal and only left his room to buy some rope at a hardware store. Next he and send Roxanne a poison pen letter which Roxanne let me read when I stayed overnight with her in Nashville. In it he said I would help after his death. He told Roxanne that I who help with the fallout from his death.

It had been a ruff work week for me and I was going to call Jim and ask him to come over on Friday after work to record and hang out. When I got home their was a message from **Kane Naylor** saying "*Jim was death*". Ka-Boom! At first I thought it was a joke. WTF? So I rushed

Artcetera...

Ambitions cut short

Jim Shepard, leader of the local rock band V3, hanged himself on Oct. 16. He was 40 years old.

The Clearwater, Fla., native moved to Columbus in the 1970s and formed Vertical Slit, a band named for an injury Shepard suffered in a motorcycle accident. In 1976, the band self-released an album called *Slit and Pre-Slit*.

"He was one of the first people in America to put out his own record," said longtime local musician Ron House.

Shepard went on to form a band called Phantom Limb, which turned into V3 in



Prolific artist: Jim Shepard (right) with friend Mike Rep

the mid-'80s.

Along the way, Shepard put out about 100 albums, singles and EPs on record labels and homemade tapes alike, according to friend Mike Rep. His often experimental style (he once used a typewriter as percussion) brought him many indie fans, most notably Thurston Moore of the band Sonic Youth.

Shepard was also a prolific writer who read poetry at Larry's Poetry Forum last year, and dabbled in painting and drawing as well.

In recent years, Shepard overcame a hand injury that threatened his guitar playing and enjoyed a major-label release on American Recordings. But the album's commercial failure didn't help a career already marred by personal problems.

"He had ambitions of making music for a living," said Rep. "Maybe that was a disappointment." Shepard's most recent day job was as a cook at the Buckeye Hall of Fame.

"There was an elegant decadence to him," said House. "He's got 15 to 20 songs people will listen to forever."

Shepard is survived by his wife, Roxanne, and two sons. Services are scheduled today from 2 to 5 p.m. at the Unity Church of Christianity, 4211 Maize Rd. At 7 p.m. tonight, a memorial concert will be held at Bernie's Distillery, 1896 N. High St.

—John Ruch



over to Jim's home and Kane was waiting outside watching the fire department and cops going through the house for evidence of foul play. Then they brought Jim's body out on a gurney. I tried to touch Jim but the cops would not let me. Next they took him to the morgue. After that I stopped by **Used Kids Records** and told **Mike Rep**. At first Rep didn't believe me. Then we suspected that murder might be involved so we went back to the house and inspected Jim's room. On Jim's turntable was Jim favorite LP at the time. **Sean Lennon's "In To The Sun"**. Into the Sun was the debut studio album for musician Sean Lennon. It was released by the **Beastie Boys'** label Grand Royal on May 19, 1998 in the United States. Jim use to rant and rave about how great it was.

Me and Rep investigated the whole house. Jim had left a few thousand dollars on the table for Gabe. He also send a letter to Roxanne which I got to read. In it he said that I would help the family with the fallout from his death. I was shocked. It didn't seem to me that he was thinking right? I did take the rope that he use to hang himself on the door. I cut it up to pieces, some of it I have given out to fans. Most of it I still have. By the time I got home I was in shock. That is when all hell broke lose. I was getting phone calls from all around the world asking me what the fuck happen? I didn't have an answer! Most of it was from friends, family and the press. I talked with journalist who would not give you the time of day when Jim was alive. They were trying to cover the story but most didn't really give a rat's ass Jim Shepard. Roxanne called and was extremely upset. But there was no easy way calm down her pain, tears and grief. I think both Charles and Klaus help me manage these queries. By late night after everyone had left very strange paranormal events started to happen to me. I got a phone call from Jim telling me that he was ok. WTF? The voice sounded other worldly. I can't remember what was said but I knew the worst was yet to come. The next thing I knew was that the family began to store Jim's archive of recordings, writings and artwork in my control room. It went all the way to my ceiling and stunk of cat urine. Down stairs I had a table with about 400 records most of which Jim had borrowed from other people and record store owners. For months Jim's Friends ask if I could give them back their records. I did allow a few of his closest people to collect their LP's, But for the most part I had no idea who owned what.

Most of the LP's were very rare. Roxanne was still living in Nashville at the time and It took her till December to finally come and gather up all of Jim's belongings. So from Jim's death till December I just avoided going into the control room. All I could think was his entire life on earth was stored in my studio. That notion was shocking to me. From time to time I had to spray air refresher to keep the stink down. The Monday after Jim's death **Charlies, Rudy, Patty, Roxanne** and I drove to the Delaware crematorium to make final arrangements. It rained very heavily and it seemed to me that the sky was crying about Jim. I remember seeing Jim's body in the morgue. It was very shocking. He had tried to get himself a hair cut and he had cut marks on his scalp. It look to me like self mutation. To me, Jim's seemed like he was still alive pretending to be dead. Next the salesman tried to sell us a \$5000 vase to store Jim's ashes. When that happen me and Roxanne broke out in hysterical laughter at the absurdness of the sale pitch. We chose the cheapest vase they had which was \$500 bucks. Then Roxanne and I decide to hold a wake at **Bernie's Bagels**. I ask **Charlies** to MC the show which had a lot of acts on the bill. Everybody was wanting to hop on Jim's Legacy. All of them thought they we're friends but I know Jim didn't like some of them. Gabe's band played and Studio 110 did it last show together before Klaus left on his world tour. Also, **Mike Rep** and **Moviola** played to name a few. Charles shot video. And **Marcy May** tried to comfort me in my grief. Jim funeral was held on **October 22rd** from 2-5 PM at Maize Road Columbus Ohio. 43224. Everybody showed up. People I had not seen in years came to pay their last respects. It was the end of an era and a new dawn was beginning for me. One in which I narrowly escape my own suicide and led to 10 years of therapy. Early in my life I had the foreshadowing of **Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison** and **Jimi Hendrix** as causalities of Rock n' Roll. By **October 1998** I had saw **Arlus, Kevyn** and **Jimbo** as the fulfillment of my own version of this 1970s legacy. So for the rest of **1998** I just floated as best I could with all the

absurdity Jim's death had set into motion. When Roxanne invited me down to her trailer in Nashville **Rudy** seemed to advise me that it was a *"booty call"*. We talk about the idea but I was not into it at all. She was like my *"sister"*. I don't sleep like that. To be fair everybody was still in grief and seeking unconditional love through sex. I have noticed that when somebody dies people seem to hook up. That has been my experience. So when I got back home Rudy decided he was going down to Nashville and be *"Jack The Lad's Booty Service"*! He did and the next thing I knew was that they were doing the "bunny rabbit" boogie with vigor! Over time both of them began to distance themselves from me. It started with keeping secrets then expanded into avoidance. Maybe because I knew where all the skeletons were buried. One day a few months after Roxanne and Rudy hooked up he informs me that he is in *"love"* with Roxanne. WTF? Rudy wanted me to tell him what to do about it. I didn't say a word. It was not any of my business. I didn't care. Neither one seemed to be comfortable around me after that. By the time **Hippy Dave** joined **Studio 110** the writing was on the wall. I had becoming a person non-gratis to Roxanne and Rudy. WTF? To be honest I wanted no part of that relationship. **Rep** and **Terry** also had hooked up at Jimbo's Wake. I had ran into to **Terry Devin** at a fast food place and told her Rep would be at the wake. A few years later they would marry. Jim's death would become a major turning point in a lot of peoples destiny. So as 1998 came to and end my head was spinning from all the social chaos that was the aftermath of Jim's death. I was still hoping that Studio 110 could rebound but the relationship between me and Rudy was waning. We were growing apart and by the end of 1999 we went our separate ways. When he moved in with Roxanne I lost track of them. That Xmas I decided to throw a party and ask **Patty, Charlie, Oren, Papp Pratt, Gregg, Hippy Dave** and **Lynn** come. It was the only party I ever threw and it was cool. Everyone seemed to have a good time. By then Patty and Roxanne were not talking. It seemed like Roxanne cut off all her old Crazy Mama friends the closer her and Rudy grew. Later in 2002 Rudy and Roxanne moved in together and it would be 20 Years before I found out what happen to them.



January 1999 would become the year of two heart breaks for me. In my grief I reached out to **Lynn Cart** who said that she was dating **Wild Bill** which I discovered much later was a lie. At that point Lynn was in no shape for a relationship and told me coldly that she wasn't attracted or interested in me. I remember us sitting in the two green chairs next to the mixing board in the control room and she basically told me to *"fuck off"* and stop chasing her. That is when I first notice a spiritual bond between us

But she made a point of telling all our friends that I was "stalking" her. I thought she was flattering herself. The only thing I ever stalked in life was the deli-tray in the green room. Eventually I became frustrated with her hot and cold approach to a relationship. I remember telling Wild Bill, *"She is yours"*. I was fed up with games. Why women want to play these sort of games I'll never understand. But I was made to feel like I wasn't good enough for her. So in my rejection I reached out for **Cloud Tiger** who was hanging out with me. At first she responded

very positively to my advances. It seemed like she was open to building up a relationship. We started going shopping and spending time together. But slowly she became aware of my interest in Lynn. This was a big turn off. So Cloud started seeing other people too. For the rest of 1999 I would go "off then on" with these two women. I kept bouncing back and forth like a ping pong ball between them. Then one day I told Lynn I didn't want her anymore. I wanted off the romantic roller coaster. At the time I didn't know what I really felt. I just wanted to get away from my feelings, which I think, was caused by my grief. It would take a few years before I discover I really did want Lynn and not Cloud Tiger. But by that time they both had moved on. Neither wanted anything to do with me. Then, around **March of 1999** Charlie moved in with this women named **Martha**. At first things seem to be good. Then one day when Hippy Dave, Rudy and I were recording some songs for the **Studio 110**. I get a call from a excited Charlie who was in shock. "*Squid, she attacked me and tried to bite my ear lobe off*"! So I told Charlie to tell Martha to, "*Eat more lettuce*". It didn't work and soon Charlie was out on the street! Both Charlie and me have a way of driving women nuts! Comes with the job title I guess!

Then in April **Hippy Dave** and his wife **Mo** invite me into their home for a massage. **Mo** had a license and was working part time with her client list doing massages. Hippy supervised and had no problem with it at all. But as soon as he left the room **Mo** tells me that in a few days she is "*running off*" to California to start a new life. **WTF?** She was not happy with their cash flow and did not like most of Hippy Dave's occult friends. At the time Hippy was deeply into **Aleister Crowley**. Crowley had founded the religion of Thelema, identifying himself as the prophet entrusted with guiding humanity into the Æon of Horus in the early 20th century. A prolific writer, he published widely over the course of his life. **Mo** was sick of Crowley thing. She still loved Hippy deeply but wanted to start a new life without these people. Hippy had no idea she was going to leave him. So I kept my mouth shut. I didn't want to be in the middle of that. It seem like all of V3's absurdness just got transferred into **Studio 110**. Then a few days later Hippy calls up and said **Mo** was gone. She had taken all her shit. I tried to comfort him but he was heart broken. A few years later they get a divorce and then **Mo** dies in a mountain climbing accident out west. But Hippy worked through it and moved on. **Mo** never seemed like the type of women to take up mountain climbing to me? So I found it strange how she died. Then in **July of 1999** **Tom Lax** reissued Jim's **Under The Blood Lava Lamp**. After a while Rudy and I revised the "*Scrath*" project. The original version wasn't as strong as the reissue Rudy had come up with. Also, I reissued "*Sellout*", "*Bottemfeeders*", "*Outtakes 1984-1988*", and the 5 Cd set "*The Wonder Years*". Maybe all the "romantic turmoil" in my life during this cycle let to the explosion of artistic projects? But sometime in late 2000 Rudy confessed to me he was moving in with Roxanne. That's when I knew for sure he was leaving Studio 110. Me and Hippy Dave decided that if Rudy quit we would try to keep it going, but, It wasn't in the cards. So towards the end of **July 1999** I began a Solo project which become "*Tree People*". When **Steve Zimmerman** of **Orange Entropy Records** heard it he ask to reissue on it his label out of New Jersey. At the time Steve had one of the first Internet Radio Programs on the net which featured about 30 bands on his label. It was the first interest, outside of my work with V3, and I was pleased.

For the rest of **1999** I just drifted through the days of doldrums trying to keep my balance. This is when I first started to have thoughts of suicide. So I put the music on hold and focused on my emotional health. I was trying to put the Lynn and Leslie thing behind me but I didn't succeed until 2007 with that struggle. At that point I thought that I was done being in a band. I thought that recording music was the way I wanted to go. But **Papparatt**, for the next few months kept pushing me to do more recording with him. It is kind of strange how certain people you know for a very small amount of time have such a major impact on your life. The only explanation for it that makes sense is reincarnation. Why certain people come into your life at critical times then leave you with a lasting impact is a mystery to me. There is nothing you can do about it except accept it. Then, if your are lucky, try to move on. By October **Cloud** and I called it quits and we both moved on for awhile. So I got in touch with **Tony Harrington** who had a recording studio on the east side. Tony went by the stage name of **Doctah X**. I met him at the Columbus Library where he worked. He had toured with **Ginger Baker's Air Force** but was currently doing a ragga show at **Skully's Bar** on the OSU campus. Also, **Doctah X** was doing *Raves and Recording* bands for hire. So, we worked out a payment deal to record Papparatt's "*Ghost In The House*" which we recorded much later on June 1st 2001. I had been doing a lot of recording with

Studio 110 and **Papparatt** when we got **Doctah X** on board. But there where other projects going on at that time. That **January of 2000** saw Hippy Dave, Rudy, Wild Bill and Peggy Atlantis, (who had the Atlantis Fashion Store on King & High Street) get busy with sessions for "**Psycho Bitch**". It seemed that everyone had been in a troubled relationship and when I ask them what we should call the project they all said "**Psycho Bitch**". By the end of that project Rudy inform me that he was quitting Studio 110 and moving on with his life. He seemed fed up with the whole music scene. What he didn't mention was that he and Roxanne where going to move in together. I've always tried to put service to others first in my dealings. But over the years I have learned others do not return that kindness.

Most people don't care about giving back. Some do but expect something in return. after **Rudy** and **Roxanne's** departure I began to question the motives of others. I had always tried to use my psychic abilities to guide me in my life choices. I call it my "*spider sense*" and it has helped me to

get out of town before the hammer came down. I have avoided many traps and troubles with my spider sense. But not always! I had learned that there are two types of Karma in life: *required & optional*. Now I had reached to place where I began to question my occult training. What was the point? Was avoiding traps and trouble all that matter? It wasn't about making right choices. Sometimes you "*need*" to fail. For me, I can honestly say that I have learned more from my failures than my successes! Anyway, around **March of 2000** I got a phone call from my old Harrisburg pal **Mr. Jerry "Flesh" Felty**. Jerry was a blue grass legend from southern Ohio. He was doing a gig at my old stomping grounds "*Dick's Den*". He had a kick ass band called "**Blue Hound**" and wanted me to come and see him. Blue Hound was Old School Kentucky Blue Grass. The people just loved them. So I packed up my camcorder and headed out. Jerry had a day job and worked with developmentally disable clients teaching them basic survival skills. He had released two great country songs called: "*A Pinch of Joy*" & "*Dancing Fool*" which I later covered. When me, Tommy Jay and Chris Brown got to the bar we had to wait for some customers to leave due to the fact that they were over seating capacity. It was standing room only and **Blue Hound** was amazing. But the star of the band was their bluegrass fiddle player **Dan Cape**. During the break **Jerry** tells that he was earning too much money from the band and was concerned that the **IRS** would audit him. About 5 years later that finally did happen and **Jerry** had all kind of problems with it. All I can say is that for male musicians BuFu, Booze and Taxes is a black bucket you don't ever want to get sucked down into. I've seen a lot of my friends fall into that trap. Add drugs & fame to the equation and you will find a tale of woe and vexations. On **May 11th 2000** I received a letter from **Lynn Cart** discussing our friendship which was under stress from my friendship with **Leslie**. At the time I didn't think she really knew herself. It seemed to me that that she really didn't know what she wanted. I was puzzled why I had upset her so much? It seemed that she might have had more than

one relationship going on at the time. However, if I'm not #1 forget it! So I just walked away again. The main point of contention between us was over setting terms or rules for our friendship. She made a point to let me know I was physically "*repulsive*" to her. That really hurt! up till then female rejection had never happen to me. **Lynn** was a mystery wrapped inside an enigma. There was just too much emotional chaos for me to cope with. Once **Lynn** and I came into conflict my life started to slow down. Both **Lynn & Leslie** were out of the picture at that point. I thought that was the end of the matter. That **July of 2000** Tom called and I went out to Harrisburg for a series of recording session. One night in particular I became more and more drunk. When we ran out of beer I decided I would go to the store. **Tommy & Mike** both tried to talk me out of it but I was out of control by that point. So in protest I took my last beer and pour it over my head. Then I grabbed my car keys and headed to the carry out down the street. **Tom &**

Get to know... Jerry Felty

Jerry is an Aging/
DD Specialist for
SAGE and has been
with Goodwill since
November 1983.

My first job
was...at the Cus-
tomer Service
counter at Sears.

I grew up in...Circleville, Chillicothe,
Slate Mills, Lebanon, Dayton, Ashville
and Waverly but was born in Virginia.

The three words that best describe
me are...Student of life.

Why I do what I do...I feel needed.

My dream vacation would be...to go
around the world in 80 days.

The last good movie I saw was...As
Good As It Gets.

What really makes me smile
is...people being nice to other people.

I've always been able to...understand
that true value has little to do with
money.

I am most proud of...Willie Rogers.
He showed me that anything is possible.

My favorite leisure activity
is...runnin' with Chuckie (Chuck Parrish).

Most people don't know...my record,
Dancing Fool, was popular in Germany.

My favorite thing about Goodwill
is...I'm blessed beyond belief. Goodwill
helps keep that perspective current.

My best Goodwill memory...the Out
to Lunch Bunch, our agency band.



Mike warned me about the cops who were paroling Harrisburg looking to make a bust. Just as I got to the store a female cop pulled me over. It was bitter cold and snowing heavily. The car windows were all frosted. I could hardly see the road. there were cars stuck everywhere. So I rolled the window down and suddenly she got a **911 dispatch** about a "*active shooter*" and raced off with horn blasting and lights flashing. I was reeking of beer but somehow I lucked out. I had almost ended up in jail that night. But fate saved me. Not sure why? After that I started really thinking about my life. Everything that I thought was important just didn't seem to matter. The music, friends and fame no longer mattered. During this cycle I tried to fight back against these thoughts of suicide with alcohol and mediation. Between the two, mediation was more effective. I was so focused on myself that I lost sight of being of service to others. It was the beginning of many dark nights of the soul. I knew I had to rise above it, but it didn't happen until 2007. In therapy I got to the roots of these thoughts of suicide and was slowly able to recover. That **July of 2000** I set up a photo shoot for **Papparatt** at Kimberly ave for his 1st CD release. The funny thing about the arts is that those who survive the chaos and live to tell about it have some very interesting tales to spin. I've left out a lot of my own stories. Most of which casts me in a light of shame. Looking back I wished I had video of some of the crazy people who were hanging out at the studio. Some of the shenanigans of my friends are just too insane to write about. like Jimbo said in his on "**Illogical**"; "*Some of it just doesn't make much sense*".

Next, on **January 10th 2001** **Jerry Wick** of **Guant** was killed in a hit and run. I had met **Wick** through **Used Kids** where he worked with **Ron, Bim, Rep** and **Dan**. The **Used Kids** tribe use to hang out at **Mr. Larry's** and get drunk after work. Drinking was a social problem for most of us back then. **Jerry's** band **Gaunt** was a pop punk band which formed in Columbus, Ohio in **1991**. The band released five albums before splitting up in **1998**. The original lineup consisted of **Jerry Wick** (*guitarist/vocalist/songwriter*), **Eric Bart** (*Editor for Negative Print, Bassist for Guant & Greenhorn*), and drummer **Jeff Regensburger** (*of the Patsys*). Later **Jim Weber** (*New Bomb Turks*) soon joined on second guitar but quickly left. In **1995 Barth** and **Regensburger** would also later leave. By then **Sam Brown** (*Feversmile, V3, New Bomb Turks*) Had joined **Guant** on drums.

Gaunt's lead singer killed on his bicycle

By Aaron Beck

Dispatch Pop Music Critic

Jerry Wick, guitarist and lead singer for the Columbus rock band Gaunt, was killed early yesterday morning. He was 33.

According to Columbus police, Wick was riding a bicycle north on N. 4th St. about 2:30 a.m. when a vehicle, thought to be white, struck him at E. Hudson Avenue. The driver left the scene. Wick died 20 minutes later.

Police think the front of the vehicle might have been damaged on its passenger side.

Though officials have said they're certain the body is Wick's, the Franklin County coroner's office said a positive identification will be made today by family members who are traveling from Parma, Ohio.

Anyone with information about the accident is asked to call Columbus police at 614-645-4767.

According to Bela Koe-Krompecher of Used Kids Records, Wick had the day off Tuesday from his job at Dagwood's restaurant and spent it at the record store, his former place of employment. He left around 7 p.m. and spent the rest of the evening in Larry's, a bar north of Used Kids Records on High Street.

Koe-Krompecher said Wick was riding to his house northeast of Hudson Avenue when the accident happened.

In the '90s, if Gaunt wasn't touring somewhere in the country or in Europe, Wick could be seen in Used Kids. He was the one with wavy coal-

black hair, in the black shirt with the collar or the black T-shirt.

Like many, Bruce McGuire met Wick via Used Kids. McGuire, a representative for 11½ years with Warner Bros. Records, caught a Gaunt/New Bomb Turks show in Minneapolis. He signed the band to the label in 1997 after Gaunt had made a name in America and Europe.

The band had released loads of singles on various independent labels, contributed to several compilations, and released EPs and records on the independent labels Amphetamine Reptile and Thrill Jockey.

"They were electrifying," McGuire said from Minneapolis last night. "They were totally real. They always just went out and did it."

Craig Regala released Gaunt's first single in 1991 on his label, Datapanik. "Jerry always wanted to be successful. He realized he was a speck like everyone else, but he wanted to make a mark of some kind. And he did."

Eric Davidson, New Bomb Turks lead singer, shared a campus apartment for a year with Wick. The Turks and Gaunt toured the country and Europe together, sharing vans and motel rooms.

"Jerry would want to talk about Studs Terkel and Nietzsche for eight hours in a van, which is OK for some people, but not for most," Davidson said. "Even though he might have not finished any Studs Terkel book ever, he at least knew those first three chapters well."

"If you could take the generic, an-



File photo

Gaunt lead vocalist and guitar player Jerry Wick was killed in an accident.

gry, nihilistic punk-rock attitude, but put it in an undergrad kind of intellectualized manner, Jerry was a pretty good example."

Wick attended the Turks' concert last Saturday in the High Five nightclub on High Street. Davidson said Wick still was mulling over the production quality of *Bricks and Blackouts*, which was released in 1998.

The record, with a sound not as ragged and raw as previous Gaunt albums, failed to generate much interest. Gaunt broke up when Warner Bros. dropped the band.

Davidson said Wick climbed onstage to sing a song, and the crowd "went wild."

"Usually, afterward, Jerry would be complaining about his singing or something, but that night he just seemed really happy."

Dispatch Police Reporter Dean Narciso contributed to this story.

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Music

Up in smoke

The future of Columbus music landmark
Used Kids Records is uncertain, but hopeful

by Stephen Slaybaugh

Located in the basement of 1992 N. High St., Used Kids Records has long been the epicenter of Columbus' thriving underground music scene. Owner Dan Dow ran the Okra label and played with Columbus legends the Gibson Bros. Buyer Bela Koe-Krompecher has released countless records by local and national acts on his Anyway

owner and employees will only be compounded with each day Used Kids remains closed.

Dow and House hope that they will be able to find a temporary spot to house the store, and then eventually move back into their old digs after it's renovated. Until that time, the store's salvaged inventory is being kept in storage.

label. And manager Ron House has been a constant sardonic figure, playing in such groups as Great Plains and Thomas Jefferson Slave Apartments.

Over the years, the store has also employed members of such bands as the Bassholes, New Bomb Turks, Gaunt and Cheater Slicks. And the shop has always been the place where music aficionados would come to shoot the shit while scouring the inventory for that particular CD, seven-inch or long-playing record.

The future of the store, which opened in 1986 in a nook of campus that also once housed Magnolia Thunderpussy and Schoolkids Records, is now uncertain. Early Monday morning, a fire sparked by the building's ancient electrical system scorched hundreds of records and CDs in the shop. The fire ignited in the Annex—the portion of the store that mostly houses used records—and spread to other portions of the building, including the main store next door and the Pita Pit restaurant above.

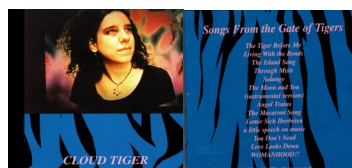
The initial estimate of the loss is approximately \$130,000. However, the loss of income to the store's



Ron House holding a Great Plains record destroyed in the fire

—Lisa Morrison photo

By 1994, the quartet Gaunt was signed to the independent **Thrill Jockey** and **Crypt Records** labels and their debut album, "**Sob Story**", was produced by **Steve Albini**. a follow-up album was released in 1995 titled: "**I Can See Your Mom From Here**". The band had gained a loyal local following in the Columbus area, alongside other indie punk rock bands, such as the **New Bomb Turks**, **Thomas Jefferson Slave Apartments**, **Monster Truck Five**, **Pica Huss** and **V3**.



For most of **2001** I had lost touch with **Cloud Tiger**. She had moved to **NYC** and I got word she had met **Patti Smith** at a book signing. She had released her "**Songs From The Gate of Tigers**" two years earlier in **1999**. It had really knocked Jimbo & I off our feet when we first heard it. But by **April of 2001** I had decide to move to Delaware Ohio and was busy making plans to do so. This was right around the time of the **Used Kids** fire. So I planned to put my stuff in storage and move in temporally with my sister. **Ross Labs** offered me a long term project dealing with their import/export tax duty situation with other nations. I had to set up Lotus Notes/Excel data bases for the federal auditors who wanted to find out if Ross Labs complying with American tax laws. In the process I discover that senior big wigs had been ordering cases of wine, were taking long vacations, and having foreign trips on the company's dime. When I told my boss she just covered it up and told me to keep my mouth shut. I can't be sure but I suspected she may have slept with a few of these big wigs. She told me it was the cost of dealing with other countries. I was under the impression that some of these countries where totally corrupt. So, I to submit all of my data bases every month to the big wigs who revised my work so as to cover their asses with the feds. I was working in a big corporation culture so I just went with the flow. They gave me lots of bonuses. So I just hid in my office and kept my mouth shut. I was my own boss. I could work when ever I wanted. Plus the extra money was great. All I had to do was show up for the monthly report meetings. I had an office with a killer view of the lake. When **Cloud Tiger** came back to Columbus for a few weeks she told me she was worried about her music. I guess she might have been intimidated by some of the musicians she had met in **NYC**. I don't think she shared the same level of commitment to her music that Jim & I had. I might be wrong. Anyway, we quickly lost touch after a few weeks once she moved to **Austin Texas**.



When **Joey Ramone** passed away on **April 15th 2001** **Mike Ravage (Screaming Urge)** asked **Mike Rep** to do a show in **June of 2001**. So Repski enlisted **Tommy Jay** & I and we began weekend rehearsals. That was the beginning of the **Mike Rep and the Quotas** revival which lasted till **2013**. I had last worked with Rep way back in the early 1980s. This was before the punk scene had taken root at OSU. Most of Rep's work was folk based so it was a real treat to do the power trio with him. At the time my sister had bought me a Marshall half stack which I had been using in **Studio 110**. I taught Rep how to set the sound up and we were off to the races. Also in **June of 2001** I did a mobile recording session at **Gregg Casey's**. The song was called "**Lift Me Up**" and was written and recorded by **Hippy Dave, Gregg Casey, Tim Addis, Mike Rock (The Screaming Urge)** and me. It was a jam that just clicked and I think we did it one take. Also that **June of 2001** I released "**Tree People**" and **Studio 110's "Psycho Bitch"**. Plus, I re-issued "**Wul-Whal**", "**Milo Arts 1993-1996**" and "**Dusty**". This was right before I moved to Delaware Ohio. I had been blending digital with analog recording. I would use digital for pre-production. From my computer's output's I patched the signal into my *Tascam 8 track analog tape deck*. I found digital was really good at somethings, and that analog was really good for other things. When it came to mastering a stereo CD, or creating samples,

the computer was the way to go. But when it came to syncing 3 or 4 midi signals, 8 Track tape was the way to go. That is, I use *digital for output and analog for input*. To this day I can do things with this approach that "*Pro-Tools*" wasn't designed to do. The other thing that I don't like about software is that vendors lock you into a "*Money Pit*". You keep having to spend money to get the *filters* and *plugins* you need to get the job done. Half the time the CPU can not cope with all this extra work. I have always used stand alone systems that are "*sand boxed*". I try to keep vendors out of my songwriting. I have found that vendors will "*change your settings*" or

block functions so as to make a buck. I was able to achieve better results and do things for under a \$1000 that a \$10,000 *Pro-Tool* system could not touch. Software vendors want to control your art so they make it hard to work with other software. They use "*file formats*" or "*functions*" to lock you into repeated sales. Most song writers want there music to be accessible to car, net or sound systems. But older hardware systems won't play the newer "*Waves or Mp3*" files. This is how vendors force you to upgrade your hardware. You see this type of forced consumer buying with a lot of electronic products. With Apple products they force the consumer to upgrade every 3 or 4 years for the same type of functions that the older products can no longer provide. All this falls under the manufacture's notion of planned obsolescence. In economics and industrial design, planned obsolescence (*also called build-in obsolescence or premature obsolescence*) is a policy of planning or designing a product with an "*artificially limited useful life*", or a purposely frail design, so that it becomes obsolete after a certain determined period of time upon which it "*decrementally*" or "*suddenly*" ceases to function, or might be perceived as unfashionable. The scam goes like this. First they upgrade the software then you are forced to buy new hardware to work with the upgrade. But Squidly didn't go to the of the sea without a plan to get back. Once I figured out their game I came up with "*many solutions*" for matching different Midi, MTC and Click Track time code problems. Sometimes manually, other times automatically. I was able to link my **Yamaha Motif 7** digital audio workstation to my digital **DP-01 & Neo Tascam** Portastudios and drum machines. These were all stand alone units and I was able to avoid using a very expensive computer software like Pro-Tools as my master controller. Once I had the wave file I would master it on my stand alone CD burner or computer. This really cut the cost way down. It was all about maintaining control over my music and keeping the vendors away from my sand boxed system.

Then on **September 11th 2001** a month after I had moved to **1505 Plumway Drive** in Delaware Ohio, all hell broke lose! When terrorists crashed two airplanes into the world trade tower, my job surfing days as a contact worker ended. A hard rain had fell on me. This was right about the time I began to relapse into polio. I was 49 and out of the the blue I began to lose control over my ability to walk or stand. I questioned why was this was happening? I tried to do some part time janitor gigs but life said no! Then Boom! My skin explodes! I blistered from all the solvents I had to use on the janitor job. It was chemicals that force me to stop being a printer. Now those same **chemicals**, plus **polio**, were forcing me to be homeless. It was like the rug being pulled out from underneath you! So I sold off the *Marshall* to **Tommy Jay** for **\$800** and made rent. It always seemed, that at the very last moment, Tommy Jay always helped. That's how Tom rolled. Thanks Tom! I was faced with no medical insurance, food, gas, or rent. So while our nation was struggling with the invasions of **Afghanistan** and **Iraq**, Squidly was trying to find food and a warm place to sleep. All those job surfing gigs had all dried up. Paradise was lost! However, somehow, I was able to hire a lawyer and apply for disable benefits. As luck would have it, it was the same lawyer dude who blew my mother's wrongful death case against **Grant Hospital** in **1997**. He had missed the filing deadline. They dismissed him from the law firm. So he switched from malpractice to disability. He told me he would take care of it an he did. A few days later he got me an advance on my benefit case. About a half a month's worth of grocery. he felt really bad about blowing my family's case and went out of his way to help me. It was manna from heaven! We filed a Social Security Disability claim of which, he took a flat 20% cut out of the settlement. Then he got me **\$115** for must pay bills. Next was public assistance. my boat had docked. Soon I had Food, Housing, Gas, Medical Treatment and Utilities. But the settlement wouldn't come til 2004. I was going to have to learn how to dance on a razor's blade. But bless *Mike Rep and the Quotas*. It was a source of income from doing gigs that taught me to dance on a razor blade. I had upped my game as a musician-artist. Suddenly we became the new kids on the block. The **Quotas** were pork dealers plain and simple. I wanted to call the band **Mike Rep** and the **Pork Bellies** but **Mike Rep** said no! **Rep** love to tease and keep the kids in suspense. Then like a midway barker he would pull a rabbit out of his hat and it was off to the races! **Rep** was a record *salesman*, a *carnie*, a *dealer of snake oils*! *He was even better looking than god!*



In **November of 2001 Ian Thomas** who was a huge fan of **Jim Shepard** made contact with me. Ian had put together this Landmark Discography of Jim's releases. Ian started asking me questions about Jim Shepard. Others would follow:

Sander Wildeboer, a few local musicians, others. So I helped them all fill in the blanks. However it was **Ian Thomas & Charlie Cicirella** whose work which I regard as the bible for Jim's releases. Both tracked down releases that I never knew existed. Maybe it was Jimbo's ghost saying; "*See Squid! You didn't know me as well as you thought*". So as 2001 came to an end the old squid was dead. I put the turbulent pass to rest! All those crazy twist and turns we have to take in order to make sense of our earth journey toward perfection. A mighty creature had fallen that year of **2001**. It's blood had soaked old Squid's hands. As I looked into the black abyss I began to see the outlines of a new Squidfish taking shape. It would be a new and improved 2nd version. 10 years of mental therapy had dawn on my horizon. Still I sense my relationships with Lynn and Leslie had not run it's course. What I didn't see at that point was that I would ended up in a breeding program with eight Extra-Terrestrials females! Later on I found out that there are many other breeding programs like mine going on on earth at this point in history. I think that in time this fact will emerge into the main stream press. We'll see!